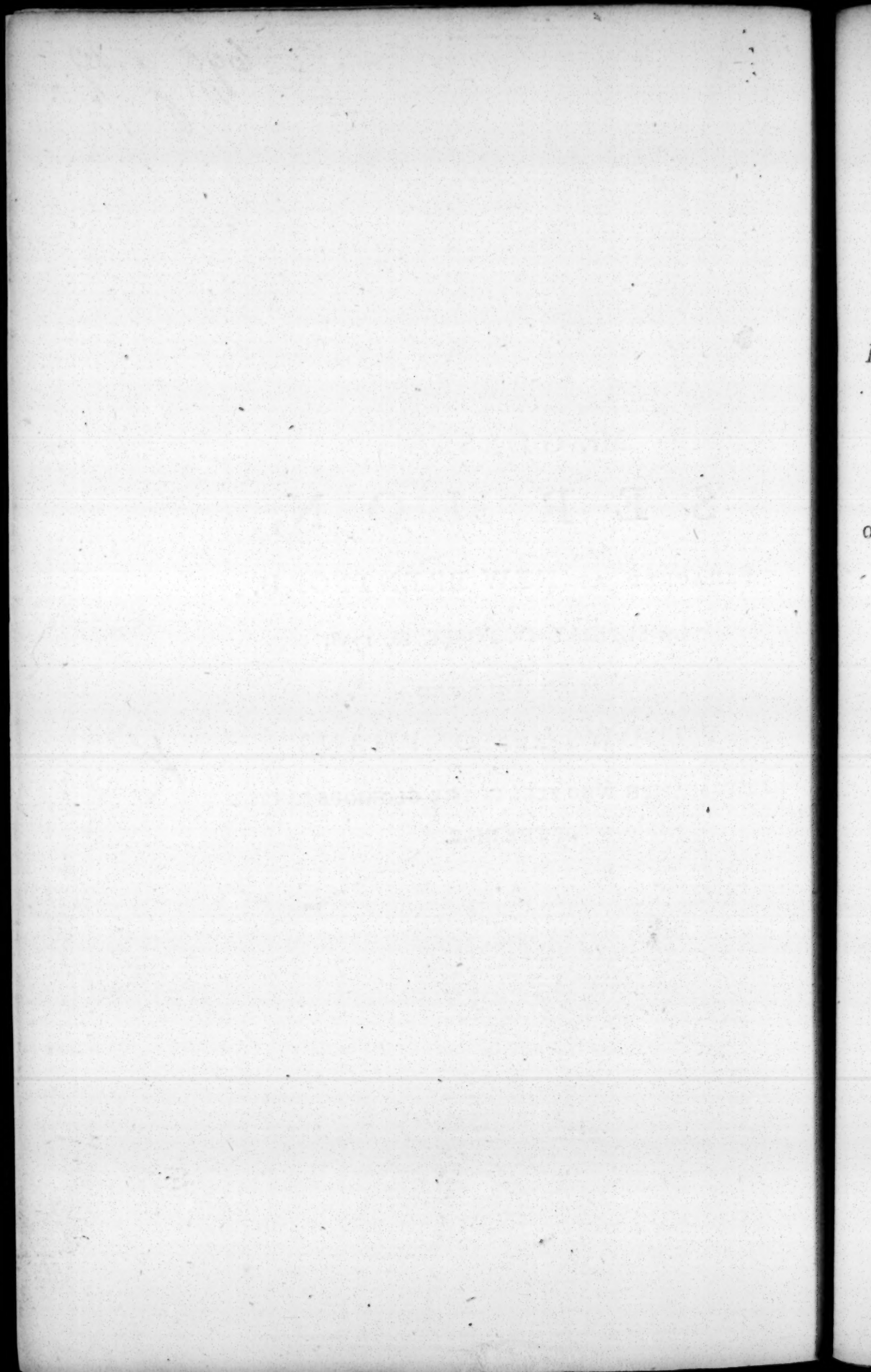


Ms. A. 9. 2. 4
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Mr. GLASSE's
S E R M O N,
PREACHED AT NEW-BRENTFORD,
On SUNDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1798,

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE
WIDOWS AND ORPHANS
OF THE SEAMEN WHO FELL IN THE GLORIOUS BATTLE
OF THE NILE.



695. 9. 19.
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A

S E R M O N,

PREACHED IN

NEW-BRENTFORD CHAPEL,

BEFORE THE MEMBERS OF THE

BRENTFORD ARMED ASSOCIATION,

ON SUNDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1798,

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE

WIDOWS AND ORPHANS

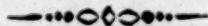
OF THE SEAMEN WHO FELL IN THE GLORIOUS BATTLE
OF THE NILE.

TO WHICH IS SUBJOINED,

THE PRAYER

USED AT THE CONSECRATION OF THE COLOURS,

PRESENTED TO THE CORPS, OCTOBER 18, 1798.



By GEORGE HENRY GLASSE, A. M.
RECTOR OF HANWELL, AND CHAPLAIN TO THE
BRENTFORD ARMED ASSOCIATION.

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BRENTFORD,

PRINTED AND SOLD BY P. NORBURY;
SOLD ALSO BY CADELL AND CO. STRAND;
FAULDER, NEW BOND-STREET;
RIVINGTONS, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD;
AND WALLIS, PATER-NOSTER-ROW,
LONDON.

1798.



Extract from the MINUTES of the
BRENTFORD ARMED ASSOCIATION.

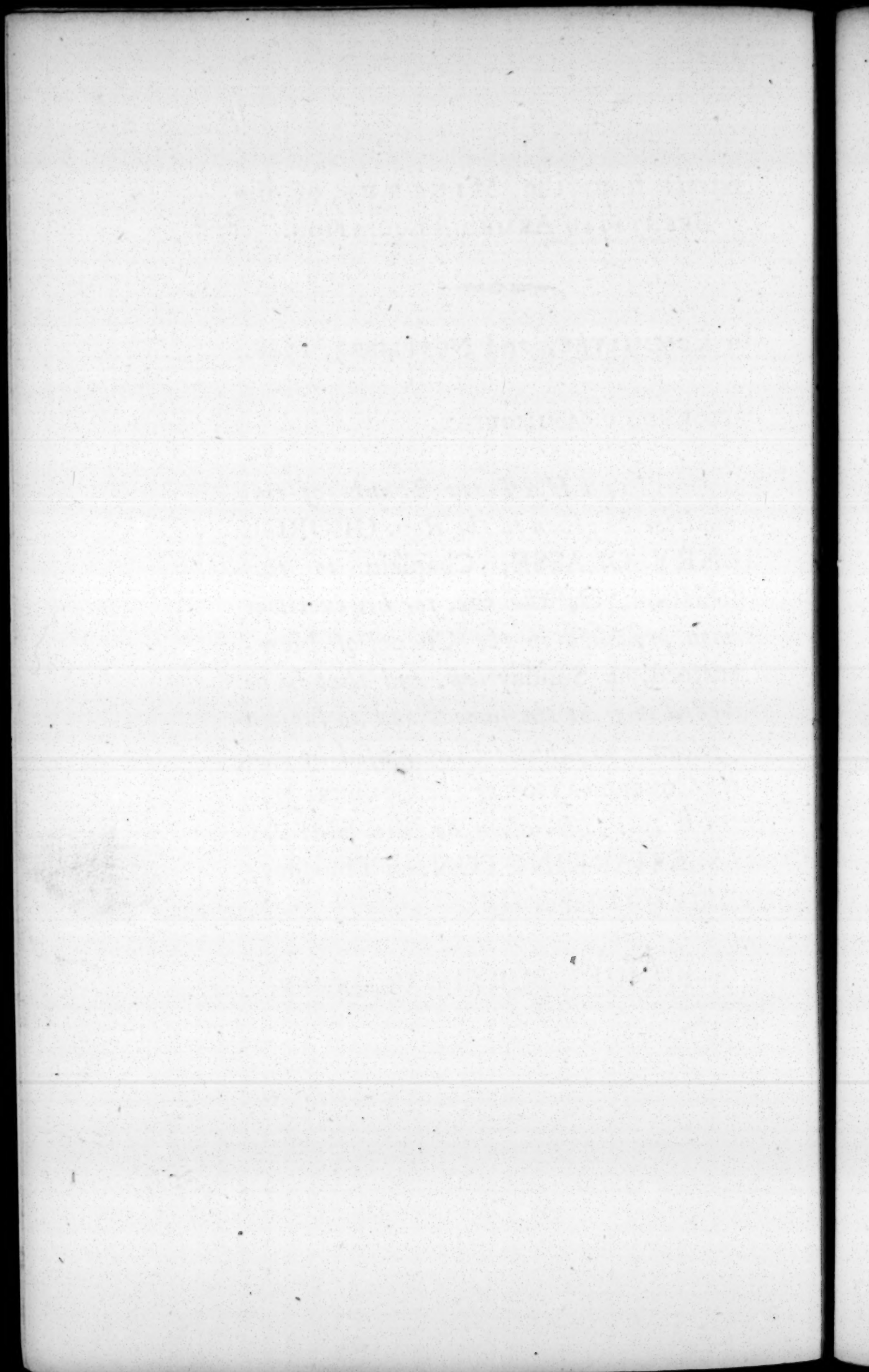


In COMMITTEE, 2nd NOVEMBER, 1798.

RESOLVED UNANIMOUSLY,

THAT the Thanks of this Committee be given to the Rev. GEORGE HENRY GLASSE, Chaplain to this Association, &c. &c. &c. for his excellent Sermon preached in the Chapel of New-Brentford, on Sunday last, and that he be requested to print the same; and to subjoin the solemn and sublime Prayer used by him at the CONSECRATION of the COLOURS presented to this Association by Mrs. SMITH and Miss HARRINGTON, on Thursday, the 18th of October last.

SAMUEL PURKIS, CHAIRMAN.



ADVERTISEMENT.

IN acquiescing with the wishes of those respectable friends, at whose repeated solicitations the following discourse is submitted to the public eye, the author is fully aware of the possibility, that his theories on the Egyptian expedition of Buonaparte may be completely done away by subsequent events. On this subject, however, he feels no degree of anxiety. The cause is in the hands of that OMNIPOTENT BEING, whose never-failing Providence ordereth all things both in Heaven and Earth. Let HIM do as seemeth him good!

It is scarcely necessary to remark, that geographers have left it undecided, whether GRAND CAIRO is actually built on the scite of MEMPHIS, or whether that ancient place of residence of the Egyptian Kings

Kings was situated at the distance of three English miles from the existing City. Should the latter hypothesis be founded in fact, it will very slightly, if at all, affect the observations made in this sermon on the subject.

It is impossible for the author to conclude this advertisement, without bearing his testimony to the distinguished liberality of the members of the ASSOCIATION, at whose request the following discourse was preached, and by whom the object of it was promoted and carried into effect, with a degree of patriotic munificence which transcends all praise.

HANWELL RECTORY,
DECEMBER 1, 1798.

A
S E R M O N, &c.

JEREMIAH V. 22.

“FEAR YE NOT ME?” SAITH THE LORD: “WILL
“YE NOT TREMBLE AT MY PRESENCE, WHICH
“HAVE PLACED THE SAND FOR THE BOUND OF THE
“SEA, BY A PERPETUAL DECREÉE THAT IT CANNOT
“PASS IT? AND THOUGH THE WAVES THEREOF
“TOSS THEMSELVES, YET CAN THEY NOT PREVAIL;
“THOUGH THEY ROAR, YET CAN THEY NOT PASS
“OVER IT?”

SUCH was the expostulation made by the God of Heaven, in language which for sublimity of idea and majesty of description can never be exceeded, to a blind, senseless, and obdurate people—a people who had refused to hearken to any admonition—had refused to give heed

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to

to the most awful, the most portentous warnings : they had a revolting and a rebellious heart—they were revolted and gone ! “ Hear ye this,” says the divine monitor, “ O foolish people and without understanding, which have eyes and see not, which have ears and hear not. Fear ye not ME ? Will ye not acknowledge my omnipotence ? Will ye not do homage and pay allegiance to the Almighty King of Kings, the Creator, the Lord, the Judge of Heaven and earth, whose eyes are on all the children of men, and whose works praise him for ever ?”

But the words before us are of general, of universal application. The whole world is full of the greatness and glory of God—let all the inhabitants of the world stand in awe of Him !

There is no part of created nature, which, if considered aright, does not shew forth the wonders of the Creator's hand.

But

But the traces of that Almighty Power are no where written in more distinct and legible characters, than where we are enabled to contemplate all the marvellous properties, the stupendous appearances, the flux and reflux, the unruffled surface, or the stormy terrors of the GREAT DEEP. Whether we consider it as merely presenting to our view the most magnificent objects which the organs of human perception can behold—or whether we contemplate it with a relation to the comfort, the safety, the sustenance, the honour of nations, as the scene of their commercial exertions, or the theatre of their heroic bravery, still our thoughts ascend, by a natural and necessary gradation, to HIM, whose way is in the sea, and whose path is in the great waters—to Him, whom Angels and Archangels praise and magnify as with the voice of a great multitude, *and as the voice of many waters*, and as the voice of mighty thunderings, saying “Hallelujah, for the LORD GOD Omnipotent

tent reigneth !” How splendid, how august is the description, given by his own sacred voice out of the whirlwind on this astonishing subject ! “ Who,” saith he, “ shut up the sea with bars, when it brake forth, as if it had issued out of the womb, when I made the cloud the garment thereof, and thick darkness as a swaddling band for it, and brake up for it my decreed place, and set bars and doors, and said, “ *Hitherto shalt thou come and no further—and here shall thy proud waves be stayed?*”

But in the figurative language of holy scripture, which often speaks of the moral world under images borrowed from the natural, we find the tumultuous perturbation of the sea applied, as a significant emblem, to the wickedness, the folly, and the rebellion of mankind—and the divine supremacy over that raging element we find made use of to convey an idea of that pre-eminent and controlling power,

power, which scattereth the proud in the imagination of their hearts. Thus the divine and animated Isaiah—"Woe to the multitude of many people, which made a noise like the noise of the sea; and to the rushing of nations, that make a rushing, *like the rushing of mighty waters!* The nations shall rush, like the rushing of mighty waters; but God shall rebuke them, and they shall flee far off, and shall be chafed as the chaff of the mountains before the wind, and as a rolling thing before the whirlwind." Thus too the sweet psalmist of Israel, blending the sign with the thing signified, speaks of the divine power, both in a metaphorical and in a literal sense.—"Thou stillest the raging of the sea, the noise of its waves, and the madness of the people. The waves of the sea are mighty, and rage horribly—but yet the LORD, who dwelleth on high, is mightier. If it had not been the LORD who was on our side when men rose up against us, then the waters had drowned

drowned us, and the stream had gone over our soul—the deep waters of the proud had gone even over our soul.” In the very same style of mystical allusion, our blessed Lord himself, in his solemn predictions of events that should afterwards be fulfilled, (possibly those which at this very moment have their awful completion) thus addressed his disciples—“There shall be signs” saith He, “in the sun, and in the moon, and in the stars, and upon earth distress of nations with perplexity, *the sea and the waves roaring*—men’s hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which shall come upon the earth.”

The application of these passages of holy scripture appears to be unstrained, and natural; and it is this—“That the presumption of man is controlled and regulated by the coercive power of God—that, although for purposes known to the divine omniscience, and sometimes clear
even

even to human comprehension, the tempestuous violence of wicked men may for a while prevail, there are bounds assigned them, beyond which, although no visible power restrains them, they cannot pass, neither can they return to trouble the earth. Hitherto shalt thou come, saith the over-ruling voice, but no further—here shall thy pride and thine audacity be stayed. Without any apparent decrease, either of power to hurt, or of impetuosity to assail, yet at my word the waters of the raging sea shall abate, and shall retire.”

And the grand lesson both to the oppressed and their oppressors, to those who suffer evils, and those who inflict them, is, FEAR GOD. Let arrogance be humbled, and hushed be the murmurings of mistrust! Acknowledge ONE higher than the highest, mightier than the mightiest, at whose word the tempest rages, and at whose word it ceases, and there is a calm. Behold and see, that the winds and the waves obey him. Let every
mouth

mouth be stopped,—let every tongue be subject to the judgment of God. Fear him.—Fear the LORD. Tremble at His presence, who hath placed the sand for the bound of the sea, by a perpetual decree that it cannot pass it, and though the waves thereof toss themselves, yet can they not prevail, though they roar, yet can they not pass over it.

In this sense let me submit the words of my text to my beloved brethen, as an awful memento that the power of God and his dominion are supreme : that HE is King, be the people never so impatient, be the earth never so unquiet : that there is no ambition, which he cannot restrain, no pride, which he cannot abase, no project, which he cannot defeat and overthrow.

But as the practical instruction derived from facts, far outweighs any theoretical and speculative conclusions, let us advert
to

to what is at this moment passing in the world,—to events, on which the whole attention of mankind is rivetted. Let me direct your thoughts, or rather let me follow them, whither they have in all probability preceded me, to the LAND OF EGYPT—the early scene of God Almighty's wonders,—the country, where his marvellous acts were in ancient times seen in their most distinguished lustre ; where the laws of nature were controlled, and the world and its elements fought against the unwise ; where blasphemy, pride, and arrogance fell before God ; where he demonstrated himself mighty to save, and at the same time mighty to punish.

To this land, which was once so celebrated both in sacred and in profane history, but which afterwards for a long period of time was immersed in barbarism, and veiled in darkness and obscurity, the gigantic strides of ambition have con-

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ducted

ducted our enemies. Their feet now stand on that very spot, where, from the towers of Memphis, a proud and ferocious tyrant frowned defiance against the people of God,—where he shut his eyes, and closed his ears, and hardened his heart against all the demonstrations of omnipotence. Out of the ruins of that ancient seat of Kings, a new and imperial city has arisen, with increased magnificence and splendor : a city, unequalled in its extent, unequalled in its population: a city, the pompous descriptions of which more resemble the splendid tissue of oriental fiction, than the sober narrative of truth*. Thither did an adventurous Chieftain conduct his myriads. There, at this moment, encircled with every danger that the most inventive imagination can conceive, he beholds his fainting legions, and sighs for his native country. There, disheartened

* A very different account of Grand Cairo is given in the intercepted French correspondence lately published by order of Government in this country. The truth probably lies at an equal distance from the fond exaggerations of romance, and the evil reports of disappointed avarice and rapacity.

disheartened by the murmurs of his unhappy comrades, and by the evanescence of his airy visions of glory, he supports his dubious existence. There, where the Almighty smote the pride of Pharaoh, “the Conqueror of Italy” awaits his doom: a man, of whom when posterity shall speak, they will speak with wonder, with pity, and with abhorrence—they will describe him, and perhaps without exaggeration, as a Chief of unquestioned bravery, of superior talents and endowments, of a most comprehensive and luminous mind—as a General, fertile in expedients and stratagems—daring, active, indefatigable—whose early achievements diffused around his character a more than common lustre, and whose vast ideas led him to form projects of romantic enterprize, which none but himself would have attempted, and which not his own extraordinary powers could accomplish. To the land of Egypt his short but brilliant career has carried

him: and there, we have little reason to doubt, he will find a speedy termination to all his greatness*. Even now, deprived of his main support, and cut off from all possibility of naval co-operation, the baffled warrior stands “like a beacon on the mountains”—like a solitary tower in the wilderness, exposed by that dangerous eminence to more immediate destruction from the stormy wind, and from the thunderbolt of heaven. The Almighty has placed barriers against him and his army, beyond which their foaming impetuosity cannot proceed. Already do the words of the prophet present themselves to our recollection—“Lo, the
 “people are gone, because of destruc-
 “tion—Egypt shall gather them up—
 “Memphis shall *bury* them.”

To a generous foe, (and certainly he of whom we speak is of a character to
 interest

* There is every reason to believe, that on this subject conjecture has given place to certainty. (December 18, 1798.)

interest the human mind) we feel ourselves induced to look, in spite of every prejudice, with some degree of respect and admiration*. But, alas, the honours of this Invader are sullied—his laurels fade and wither—his glory is debased and tarnished, by the most horrible impiety, the most insulting blasphemies, the most audacious defiance, uttered against the LORD, and against his Christ.—He, who at the overthrow of papal Rome did homage to the cross of Jesus, and boasted of his veneration for christianity, now, amidst an unbelieving nation, wantonly, and as it were for the mere sake of offending, tramples under his feet the sacred symbol of redemption. He abjures the religion of his fathers. He rejects, denies, renounces the Saviour of the world. In the vain and fallacious hope, that he shall gain to his cause the “armies of the
aliens,”

* The Author thinks it necessary to observe that this attempt to delineate the character of Buonaparte was made previously to the publication of the intercepted letters already mentioned, by means of which some facts are developed, which place his conduct in a new, and far less advantageous light.

aliens," he has directed his band of wanderers to profess their faith in Mahomet, and their respect for the wild legends of Arabian imposture. And wilt thou visit for these things, O LORD GOD of Hosts? And shall not thy soul be avenged on such profanation as this? Thou, who amidst those deserts didst manifest thy power—who there, even there didst shew thy marvellous strange wonders—scattering the oppressors in the pride of their hearts, and hurling thy thunders at thine impious opponent who dared exclaim, "*I know not the LORD*"—thou, who as it were in person, didst fight the battles of thy people, and at last, by a mighty, complete, and decisive overthrow, didst miraculously deliver thy servants, and avenge them of their enemies, wilt not thou, who reignest for ever and ever, still assert thine almighty power, still vindicate the honour of thy great name?

Fear not, my brethren, God will most
assuredly

assuredly arise and maintain his own cause—he will not forget the voice of his enemies, the presumption of them that hate him, increasing more and more. Nay, He *hath* arisen—he hath already displayed his omnipotence. Already hath he crowned the christian banners with victory, and renown. The power of God and of his faithful servant hath triumphed gloriously. Therefore is our heart filled with exultation, and our tongue with joy. They said even among the heathen, “The LORD hath done great things for them.” Yea, the LORD hath done great things for us already, whereof we rejoice. Through every part of this our country the glad tidings have been proclaimed of a victory the most signal, the most important, the most splendid, that ever yet has graced our naval annals—annals in which every character recorded is an hero, and every page a memorial of glory. Yes, my beloved brethren—“ALMIGHTY GOD HAS BLESSED HIS MAJESTY’S ARMS,”—
and

and the Chief, to whose consummate skill and bravery we owe that blessing, is the foremost to ascribe honour, on the joyful occasion, to the Lord God omnipotent. What a contrast, between the frantic blasphemy of our enemies, and the pious gratitude of our own illustrious Commander! He well knew, and he was most ready to acknowlege, that there is nothing in which divine Providence has a more direct and decisive influence, than in those events which attend on public and national contests by war. It is God, who disposes of the interests of nations, and in so doing serves his own great designs in the government of the universe. In the present instance, and with all its attendant circumstances, a victory so entire, so brilliant, so glorious, seems to be little less than the immediate and direct interposition of Heaven. None but HE who grasps the ocean in his hand, who coyereth the heaven with clouds, who bringeth the winds out of his treasuries,

none

none but He could have given such efficacy to human exertions—none but He who hath placed the sand for the bound of the sea, could thus have controlled the pride, the temerity, the presumption of our enemies. It is the LORD's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes. Praised be the LORD daily, even the God who helpeth us, and poureth his benefits upon us!

At a moment, when every heart beats high with rapture, and when every tongue, which is not under the malignant influence of disaffection, is eager to ascribe praise unto God—at such a moment, when our mouths are opened in accents of exulting gratitude, our souls must surely be more than commonly enlarged towards our fellow-creatures. We are happy ourselves, and, as far as is possible, we would see others happy. How then can we be insensible to the distresses of those, who to the very circumstances

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which

which have occasioned the public felicity, can trace their individual misfortunes? How can we, if we have any love, if we have any pity, if we are not deaf to the voice of holy Charity, how can we forget their lamentation, their mourning, their woe?

If the feelings which crowd into my heart on this affecting subject do not prevent the power of utterance, I would fain lift up my voice (a willing, though feeble advocate) in behalf of these interesting sufferers. I would fain direct your eyes toward their humble abodes; I would make you acquainted with their miseries. Behold them, wrapped in the garments of sorrow: behold them, bowed down to the earth with the burthen of their griefs! They are destitute, afflicted, disconsolate. The storm has burst upon them—they are bereaved of their all. No more shall the voice of gladness be heard in their dwellings. The intelligence,

gence, that our arms have been crowned with glory, come to them, accompanied by the sad tidings, that a duteous son, a fond father, an adored husband, sleeps in his watery grave—never more to receive a dear parent's blessing—never more to see filial affection mantling the cheek, or sparkling in the vivid eye—never more to witness that rapturous extacy, with which a fond and faithful heart welcomes the return of her beloved! O waste not your lamentations on the dead! Bemoan not those, who are called, and called gloriously, by their Redeemer, from the miseries of this sinful world. If your tears flow, let them flow for the wretched, the desolate survivors! They are orphans and fatherless—their mothers are made widows. You, my brethren, can rejoice; you can triumph; a blaze of splendor illuminates your dwellings; but do you not mark the poor mourner, who in the midst of these ebullitions of joy, sees all joy taken away

from *her* for ever? Do you not feel what the glories of England are to cost her, for long, long years of wretchedness? Do you not see her, straining her children to her bosom, and (herself all in tears) bidding them weep no more—for though their father is dead, he died to save his country? Do you not witness the struggle in her breast between the tenderest affections, and the noblest sentiments of human nature? Between those exquisite feelings, which conjugal love alone can know, and that sacred ardour, that sublime enthusiasm, which would elevate the soul beyond every earthly consideration, and make it know no other impulses, than those of patriotism and of public zeal?

O my brethren, even amidst the chaplet of victory thorns are interwoven, which wound and pierce the very soul! Dreadful, though encircled by the utmost splendour, dreadful, on minute investigation,

investigation, are the features of war. Amidst the shouts of triumph we may hear the sad and low accents of anguish but imperfectly—yet still, still they are uttered—and oh let them not be uttered in vain! Need I attempt to awaken your sensibilities? Need I seek for any ardent and impassioned words in such a cause as this? No, you want not a monitor. You are men, you are Britons—you are Christians. You, who rejoice in the glories of your country, have now an opportunity afforded you to testify your sense of *their* merits who shed their best blood in its defence—who were champions, who were martyrs for England!

You, my brethren, in particular, who have generously armed yourselves for our internal safety, are now enabled to shew a distinguished proof of your love, and of your attachment to your fellow-labourers in a glorious task. I might urge, that if
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those calamities are averted, in the event of which *your* wives might be widows, and *your* children fatherless, the conduct of your brethren in arms, though displayed in distant regions, (together with yet more recent acts of similar bravery and corresponding success on an adjacent coast) hath perhaps been the immediate cause that they are averted. I might urge this; but I know the forwardness of your ready minds. I know that your liberality wants not such motives as these, to call forth its noblest exertions. The path of honour and of virtue lies before you, and you need no guide for your feet in the pursuit of it.

One method, dearly beloved in Christ, one only method presents itself, by which we can pour balm into the wounded spirit, and revive the souls that are in adversity. It is in our power to diffuse *one* ray of light into the mansions of sorrow; a ray of light, imparted to us from above;

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an emanation from heaven, bestowed on *us* by a God of mercy, that by our instrumentality it may shine on the fatherless and the poor. We can at least rescue these innocent sufferers from the chilling gripe of penury: By our generosity to the children, we can at least shew the ardour of affectionate gratitude with which we cherish the memory of their fathers. Cheerfully, and with a frankness inseparable from their professional character, *they* trusted the objects of their fondest love to the patronage of their country. They left them to our guardianship, no pledge exacted, no condition stipulated; assured that in every Briton they would find a friend—a parent. Sacred is the trust; and let the records of national liberality demonstrate, how piously it was fulfilled. The thought that it *would* be fulfilled, no doubt, gave consolation to the dying warriors, and soothed them, when on the confines of immortality. Spirits of departed heroes, ye shall not be disappointed

pointed of your hope ! If from that unseen world to which your God has called you, you are permitted to witness what is passing here, now, even now, you behold your warmest wishes realised. We looked to you for protection — you to us for gratitude. You have done your part, and you have done it nobly. Your countrymen, with eager emulation, will discharge their duty in return.

SPIRITS OF DEPARTED HEROES, YE SHALL NOT BE DISAPPOINTED OF YOUR HOPE !

Now unto HIM, with whom do live the souls of the righteous, after they are released from their earthly prisons—to Him who is a Father to the fatherless, and who defendeth the cause of the widows, to God only wise, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, be glory, honour, adoration, and praise, world without end. Amen.

A
P R A Y E R

USED AT THE

CONSECRATION

OF THE

C O L O U R S,

PRESENTED TO THE

BRENTFORD ARMED ASSOCIATION,

O N

T H U R S D A Y,

OCTOBER 18, 1798.

BRAY

COURT

COURT

RENTON

THURSDAY

October 12, 1871

P R A Y E R, &c.

○ THOU great Judge of heaven and earth, in whose hand is power and might, and in whose hand it is to give strength to thy people; look down from the habitation of thy holiness and of thy glory, and behold thy servants who appear before thee this day, devoting themselves to thee, and to their country.

To thy munificence, O Lord God, we stand indebted for every blessing which we receive — for all the comforts, all the enjoyments of this present life, and all those exalted hopes, which lead us to aspire after immortality. We bless thee

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for

for the word of thy truth—for the light of thy gospel—for this good land in which thou hast appointed us to dwell—for our civil station—for our political privileges—for those wise and judicious laws, which, while they check licentiousness, establish and maintain true liberty—for the just and mild administration of those laws, under the governance of thy servant our Sovereign—for our religion, which renders the Church of England a praise among christian nations—and for our constitution, the admiration of the world.

Thou hast given us these blessings, gracious Lord, and it is thy will that we should use all diligence to preserve them—that we should labour earnestly to guard and to defend our precious inheritance against the assaults of our enemies. They have said, “Come, and let us root
“ them out, that they may be no more a
“ people, and that the name of Britain
“ may

“ may be no more in remembrance.”
 But will not thou plead our cause with
 them that strive with us? Wilt not thou,
 O Lord of Hosts, go forth with our ar-
 mies? Without thine almighty aid, vain
 are our means of safety—fruitless our at-
 tempts at resistance. Avert from us the
 meditated evil; oh let not rapine, plun-
 der, violation, massacre, sacrilege, regi-
 cide, pollute our country; oh deliver not
 our strength into captivity, nor our glory
 into the enemies’ hand!

Hitherto, O Lord, thou hast helped—
 hitherto thou hast succoured us. Thou
 hast heard the supplications of thy ser-
 vants, and hast not given us over for a
 prey unto our adversaries. Blessed be thy
 name for the protection which thou hast
 afforded us; for the light of thy coun-
 tenance, which hath shined, and, as we
 humbly trust, will yet shine upon thy
 people. Blessed be thy name for the
 spirit that glows within the hearts of our

E 2 countrymen;

countrymen; for the zeal and ardour which thou hast inspired; for those associated powers, those “bonded energies,” which thou hast called forth for our defence. O Lord, should it be thy will to bring upon us the sword of foreign hostility, or of domestic insurrection, then be thou present with these thy servants in the day of danger, and with all others, who, like them, shall willingly offer themselves. Strengthen their hearts, and nerve their arms for the conflict. In that hour may they remember thee, O Lord, who art great and terrible; and may they fight with irresistible bravery, for their brethren, their sons and their daughters, their wives and their houses!

We have heard with our ears, O God: our fathers have told us what thou hast done in their days, in the times of old. Thou art the same, yesterday, and to-day, and for ever: with thee is no variableness, neither shadow of turning. Thou, O
Lord

Lord of Hosts, act with us, as thou wert with our fathers ; thou hast not failed nor forsaken us. Thine is the greatness, and the glory, and the victory, and the majesty. Even now thy mighty hand, thy stretched-out arm hath saved us from our enemies, and hath put them to confusion that hate us. Therefore do we praise thee, O God ; we acknowledge thee to be the Lord. We laud and magnify thee, O thou Sovereign Ruler of all the world, for that splendid NAVAL VICTORY, the tidings whereof have awakened every heart to rapture, and have caused the sound of joy and gladness to be heard throughout our land. In that great and signal event, we see the manifestation of thy divine power, directing, controlling, and furthering all occurrences, for the honour, the safety, the exaltation of thy faithful servants. Who shall not fear thee, O King of nations ? forasmuch as there is none like unto thee, O Lord : thou art great, and thy name is great in
 might.

might. Can we, with selfish ingratitude, receive thy benefit, and not ascribe the praise to thee, its only Author? Can we “forget God our Saviour, who hath done “such great things in EGYPT?”

Continue to us, we beseech thee, thy mercy; and prosper the work of our hands upon us. Behold, O God our Defender, and look upon the face of thine Anointed! Bless thou his righteous cause, and these, the loyal, independent supporters of that cause—these, who in thine awful presence, and in the house which is called by thy name, pledge themselves by whatsoever things are solemn, whatsoever things are sacred, to guard and defend the throne of their Sovereign, the constitution of their country, the religion of their fathers. And oh may it be thy good pleasure to accelerate that hour, to which the friends of mankind look forward with eager expectation, that blessed hour, which shall bring
PEACE

PEACE on its wings—no base and miserable compromise—no short-lived repose, purchased by the surrender of national honour, and national virtue—but a safe, equitable, permanent peace—the bright object of every valorous achievement, every patriotic exertion—such a peace, as through thy mercy may restore tranquillity to the world, now convulsed and agonised—such a peace, as may console us for our past sufferings, and may cheer our future prospects—such a peace, as may be the means of transmitting all the blessings which thou hast bestowed upon us, pure, entire, undiminished, to our children, and to our children's children.

In full assurance that thou wilt hear the prayers of thy servants, and in thine own good time grant their requests—in all submission and readiness of mind to sustain whatever trials thou shalt previously lay upon us—in dutiful obedience to thy command, that whatsoever we do,

we

we should do all to the glory of God;
 WE NOW SET UP THESE OUR
 BANNERS UNTO THEE—solemnly
 consecrating them in the name of THE
 LORD GOD OMNIPOTENT, THE
 GOD OF THE ARMIES OF BRI-
 TAIN—and with them dedicating our-
 selves, all that we have, all that we
 are, every faculty of spirit, and soul,
 and body, to thy honour and service, and,
 so far as each of us in his respective sta-
 tion can promote it, to the welfare and
 prosperity of our country.

And, O Lord, do thou consecrate us
 unto thyself by thy Holy Spirit, that we
 may continue thine for ever; that through
 thy protection we may be free from all
 adversities, and devoutly given to serve
 thee in good works, to the glory of thy
 blessed name, and our own everlasting
 salvation, through Jesus Christ our Lord.
 Amen.

FINIS.



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